

THE OMEN

congratulates

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omen

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Michael Zole	Too Drunk To Love

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKE

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by J. Wilder Konschak
Back Cover by Michael Zole



to submit

Submissions are due **Fridays before noon**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: **Merrill B007, Box 853, x5303**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to ajm99@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

IT'S FUNNY HOW THE LINE
IS POINTING RIGHT AT HIS
PENIS.

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO BETH DAY

FROM THE EDITOR



The rumors are true. I, Michael Zole, have been appointed the new editor-in-chief of the *Omen*. I can honestly say that it's a great honor to be entrusted with the leadership of Hampshire College's longest-running student-run publication, and that I wasn't appointed simply because I was the only one who asked. No, I also had to be willing to carry two heavy boxes full of *Omens* from Duplications to the Dining Commons every other Friday. So let no one question my dedication.

I'm taking over, in the loosest sense of the term, because Mr. Michael Benni Pierce is doing his Div III, which evidently involves a lot of work or something. In my opinion, Benni was a great editor, and filling his shoes will be difficult. So I'm not going to try. Hell, do you realize how much Benni does around here? I can barely take four classes and write a 700-word article every other week; Benni manages to do that while filming Darwin's Kids, wrestling in the WWF, running Intran, and playing Starcraft. Don't get me wrong, I can handle editing the *Omen* - I may even be able to do it while listening to Wall of Voodoo MP3s - but don't expect me to single-handedly run this campus like Benni did.

You may be wondering what am I going to do differently. In terms of actually editing the magazine, not much - it will remain a strictly you-send-it-in-and-we-print-it kind of deal. But in terms of the *Omen*'s public perception, there's a lot to be done. First, a lot of Hampshire students think that the *Omen* is an exclusive clique. It's true that, through working on the publication, a lot of us have become good friends, and since we all contribute articles regularly it may seem like the *Omen* is written by a clique. Here's an easy way to disprove that: submit an article. Or come and help with layout. That's what I did fivesemesters ago, and I found it

remarkably easy to contribute without being in a clique.

Second, the *Omen* cannot express multiple viewpoints without a diverse pool of contributors. I thought it was made fairly obvious by the policy box (direct your eyes downward) that the *Omen* is an open-submission publication, and yet I've heard quite a few people say that they hate the *Omen*. I'm going to assume that means they hate the usual content of the *Omen* and not the concept of free expression. But still, this is like saying you hate a bulletin board because you don't like what somebody posted on it. People need to stop thinking of the *Omen* as a publication that "other people" write for. I think this is a Hampshire attitude. You know Max Fisher from the movie *Rushmore*, always starting student groups and putting on plays and whatnot? Hampshire students are like that, except replace "starting student groups" with "drinking" and "putting on plays" with "complaining". If this description offends you, please feel free to prove me wrong by submitting an article to the *Omen*.

Finally, I'd like to say a few words about the *Forward*, Hampshire's official campus paper. The *Forward* sucks. As far as I can tell it has always sucked, and it will continue to suck for the foreseeable future. Even though the *Forward* staff is paid, I imagine that the people who write for it genuinely want to make it a great campus paper. And sadly, that's never going to happen. So I wish to make something clear: the *Omen* should not make fun of the people who work to make the *Forward* better. They are attempting the impossible, and they deserve our greatest sympathy. On the other hand, the *Omen* should continue to make fun of the *Forward* itself. Because it sucks.

That is all for now. Submit those articles, and remember: I'm your editor now.

policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you

say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff, the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport



SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

TROUBLE AT THE SIT-DOWN

I've been at Hampshire for four years, and in all that time I've never bothered to write an article for the Omen, the simple reason being that I've never really had anything to say. It's not that I didn't have plenty to bitch about, just that someone else always seems to be doing it for me. I always felt I was too busy to be bothered. Which of course means that I'm too damn lazy. Finally though, something has happened which pissed me off enough to make me write an article.

Most, if not all of you, are familiar with the Sitdown Diner. For those of you who aren't, the Sitdown is a diner style restaurant located in the parking lot of Stop & Shop on Route 9. Their prices can be a bit high, but the food is decent and more importantly, they are open until 2 AM. Since they opened, they have become very popular with local college students. During Jan term I had a very upsetting experience there.

Those of you who know me know I have a disorder called Tourette Syndrome. Tourette Syndrome causes involuntary movements and sounds called tics. The major form of tic I have right now is a barking tic. In the past I've been able to suppress the tics to some degree. However, doing so is causing some major health issues, and I've recently been forced to stop suppressing as much as possible.

During Jan term a friend and I went to the Sitdown for lunch. Some of you may already see where this is going. Over the course of 45 minutes I had probably four or five barking tics. Some people had quieted down or stared when this happened.

However, over the years I have grown very accustomed to this response. Since no one said anything I didn't explain myself. While I was in the middle of conversation with my friend, the manager approached our table, removed my plate from in front of me, and informed us that we had to leave. I explained to him that I couldn't control what was happening because I had Tourette syndrome. Unfortunately, he didn't give a fuck. After my explanation he repeated his demand that we leave. He didn't ask us to pay, which was good since we damn-well weren't going to. We did leave a tip, since the waitress can't help it if the manager is a prick.

I would have to say that being thrown out of the Sitdown was one of the most humiliating experiences of my life. I have had barking tics for eight years, in that time I've never been thrown out of anywhere. Usually at a restaurant, a manager will ask me to stop the tics before asking me to leave. At this point, I explain about the Tourette and everything is fine. If customers complain, the manager explains that I can't control the sounds and everyone ignores it. I suppose I was rather shocked when explaining the situation had no effect.

Now before you go yelling for lawsuits, let me assure you that the Sitdown didn't break the law. As I understand it, a business or restaurant has the right to refuse service to anyone they choose, and the Sitdown has apparently chosen to refuse to serve people with Tourette. That said I don't give a shit how legal it is. It still really pissed me off. Believe me, or stared when this happened. barking, twitching, or doing any-

BY ERIC L. SHAW, CONTRIBUTOR

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5

BY STEVEN CLOUD, CONTRIBUTOR



Steven L. Cloud © 2002

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4
thing else uncontrollably, REALLY fucking sucks. For some reason a surprising number of people think it must be a lot of fun. I say this because A – people have often told me that they wish they could have Tourette (don't say this to me, it's not a good idea) or B – because people usually assume my sounds or movements are voluntary, maybe a misguided attempt to be funny. I have no idea whether the asshole at the Sitdown didn't believe me about

the Tourette, or didn't care. Either way, his actions were pretty stupid. Forget for a moment that he threw me out at all, he was rude about it. If you must ask a disabled person to leave your restaurant because of their disability, maybe you should try to do it in the nicest way possible. That kind of seems like good business sense. I thought about asking people to boycott the Sitdown. But hey, it's the only restaurant in the area open that late. When you're

writing a paper, and you miss dinner, and everything else is closed, it's hard to give a shit about something like this. But when you're just going out for a meal, maybe you might think about giving your money to someplace a little more understanding. And if you do go to the Sitdown, and the tall, thin, manager is there, give him the finger for me when his back is turned. Or maybe when it's not.





A SOUNDTRACK FOR LIFE

A wise man once said something interesting about receiving things for free from friends. Although I don't quite remember what it was, it went something like this, "Receiving free things is like receiving a prize in a box of cereal - you bought the cereal to eat the cereal, and the prize is just a nice bonus."

The reason I bring this up is simple: a couple weeks ago, a good friend of mine brought me an MP3/CD player that he said was busted. I told him I'd look at it and try to fix it if I could. He told me that if I did, it's mine. I said, "Cool." So, he handed it to me, and the first thing I tried to do is press play. No response.

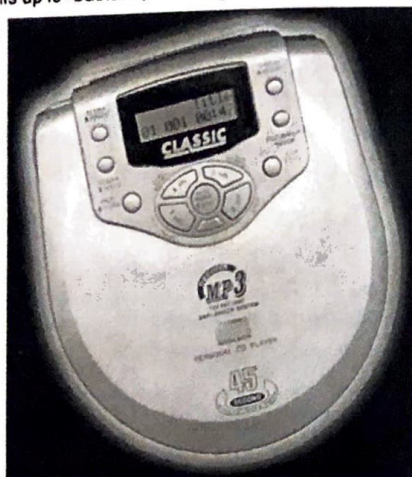
"Hmmm," I thought. The second thing I tried to do is replace the batteries. I removed the cover from the back, took two old AA batteries out, and then placed

two fresh new AA batteries inside. I put a CD in the player, and then resorted to step one: pressing play. This time around, when I did, the unit powered up, and I listened to the first song on the CD, which happened to be a classic from our good friends, the Flowers of Disgust.

I said to my friend, "This seems to work just fine." He laughed about it, then told me it was still mine since I had found a way to make it work. Since

this was truly the first thing I had received in life for free from a friend that I hadn't worked for, I decided to not look a gift horse in the mouth, and just accept it. Which I did, with open arms.

The next day, I took my new friend with me for a walk across campus at 3:30 in the morning. The music happened to be Hoo-bastank, the song, "Remember



Me." As I walked along, I reminded myself not to sing aloud ... since others would hear me even when I could not. It was a brisk walk, but as I went, I realized that I was listening to the new soundtrack of my life.

I now had the power to listen to anything I wanted to at anytime I wanted to. This new MP3 player became a true friend to me, and accompanied me wherever I went: to the multi-

sport, riding in my car, sitting in waiting rooms, etc. It was truly inspirational to hear "The Elephant Love Medley" from *Moulin Rouge* while weightlifting, and even more powerful to know it was "My way, or the highway," as I sped along at 75 miles per hour on 91. Everything I now do has a sort of theme song, just like that old cartoon about Peter and the Wolf. You probably don't know what I'm talking about, but it doesn't matter, for I'm not really listening to you right now anyway. "March of the Dead" is playing, and I can't hear anything but Danny Elfman's genius.

No more silence for me. No more scary nights in the dark, listening to couple after couple have sex around me. No more annoying 4AM "Mod Parties." When you can choose what you get to hear, you truly have the power to control your own destiny.

Maybe one day I'll miss the bantering of human children or the sound of crickets at daybreak, but for now, give me "My Sacrifice" or give me deaf.

I guess there are only two things in life I worry about now: 1) dying a painful death and forgetting to leave all of my possessions to those dearest to me, and 2) running out of batteries, cause that would be a shame.



Beth sez GRRR!

Registration

I hate registration. With the exception of my first registration ever, I have always gotten one of those unhappy slips of paper that condemns me to wait in the other room for a half hour or more until it's my turn for student accounts to make me feel horrible and poor. It's a horrible room full of other people dreading what student accounts is going to tell them, and we all sit and talk about what it might be that makes us indebted to the college.

I find that I am all at once anxious for it to be my turn so I can get it over with, and dreading what they might tell me. When it's finally my turn, I go on back and after subtracting a bunch of loans that haven't yet been dispersed, they tell me I owe a thousand plus dollars. I sit there kind of in shock wondering what I'm going to do, and wondering why it's so much. I also wonder why in the hell they didn't tell me this earlier? Why can't they send me something in the mail warning me that when I go to register I won't be able to because I owe such and such an

amount? At least then I'd be a bit more prepared. So they tell me they'll let me register if I give them my \$600 I had in savings, sign away to them half of every one of my work-study checks, and find a way to pay the other bit that's left.

I feel like I'm selling my soul to Hampshire College. I am left broke with all of \$12 to my name. I leave hating all the people who never have to go through this scraping together of funds at the beginning of each semester. At first I was really worried about trying to afford my textbooks for my off-campus classes, but my parents paid for one using the small amount I had left of the money I send them to pay my tuition bills, and then offered to pay for the other one themselves, even though I had enough with my paycheck. I always feel guilty having my parents buy me things because I know they don't have much money themselves.

Saga

I have this strange contempt for skinny girls who drink skim

milk. Mostly because I can't imagine that you'd drink skim milk for the pleasure of the taste. I think it tastes like milk-flavored water. I used to drink 2% milk, but recently have gotten more into the joy of drinking whole milk, half to thumb my nose at the skim milk drinkers.

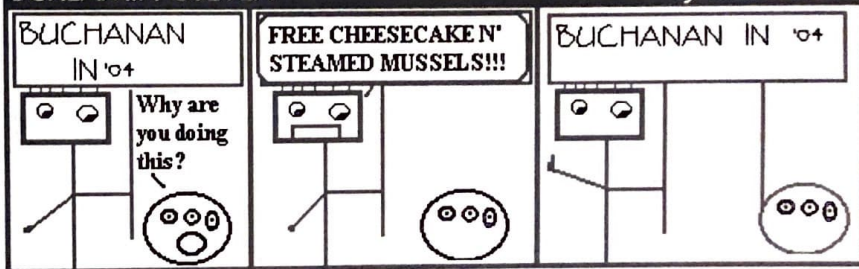
I know it's mostly just horrible of me; my brother and I both have high metabolisms and thus have never needed to worry much about what we eat. I also find it amusing when people take half a piece of pie, although I'm indifferent to people taking half a piece of cake. There's just something very amusing to me about the act of recutting the pie so you only have a tiny sliver of pie. I wish Saga had better pumpkin pie. I won't get started on my gripes about Saga food, but let me say I'm getting very frustrated with eating just chicken, pasta, bagels, cereal, grilled cheese sandwiches, and lots of ice cream. I'm hoping now that Jan-

Term is over it will get better.



SCREAMIN' STEVEN

by Karl Moore



JOE IS BEATEN WITH BASEBALL BATs

Hi friends, here is a tale I've not told often. In all honesty I have never actually been beaten with baseball bats—the title was merely to attract your attention. This story took place my senior year in Austin, during my trench coat wearing days, on New Year's Eve. My two droogs, Josh Pacewitz and Brian London, called me that afternoon to ask what festivities had been planned for the evening. Being myself ignorant, I called Marissa. Marissa is a rather interesting woman; her exploits include knocking a frat-boy unconscious with a boot to the head and hallucinating for over forty-eight hours on Belladonna. Marissa was much cooler than me. Marissa always knew where there was a party.

Except on this particular New Year's Eve when there were no parties to be found even by her. She then remedied this by holding her own party. This was easy enough for her as (in addition to being cool) she had two older brothers who could by beer and a club house in woods (ala Punky Brewster) that featured a TV, a stereo, a bonfire pit and a built-in bong. (Her parents knew and didn't care. Go figure.) I asked, rather apologetically, whether I could bring my two droogs (who were even less cool than I.) She said that I could provided my friend Brian didn't tell any conspiracy theories.

We took Brian's Volvo station-wagon and arrived fashionably late; on the advice of Brian's mother, we had brought a pie (you know, 'cause people like you if you have a pie.) Most of the people there were either cooler

than us or college students who we didn't know. Several hours of drunkenness went by without incident; because our names were not known to everyone, we were assigned nick-names based on our appearance. I was called "Long-coat", Brian was known as "Blondy", and Josh was known as "Big Hair."

However, as the evening went by it gradually dawned on me that we had entered something of a hall of rogues. For example, no one was smoking pot at this party; they were smoking opium. Where did they get opium? Why were they smoking it? I still don't know. I also met an individual who was emphasizing how important it was the cops not show up as there was a warrant out for his arrest. I gently inquired what the warrant was for and he replied, "Throwing boards at Mexicans. Apparently that's illegal now." But worst of all, Rafil showed up; there is no greater bad-luck charm than Rafil.

Around one in the morning, an acquaintance named Eric (an unreliable stoner acquaintance) called me and my droogs (who were now quite drunk) off into the woods. Then, in a very serious voice he told us, "Give me your keys, I'm going to drive you guys home before this turns ugly." This was preposterous, not only did Eric not have a driver's license (despite being about nineteen), he was also drunk. "No one's giving you the keys. Why do we need to leave?"

"You guys are making too much noise and things are going to turn really ugly if you don't leave right now."

Were we making too much

noise? We were drunk; it was possible. But then why hadn't anyone told us directly? "OK", I said, "You guys wait here, I'll go see if they want us to leave."

I climbed the ladder into the upper level of the club house (which was literally being used as an opium den at the time.) I cleared my throat, "Excuse me, are you guys mad at us? Do you want us to leave?" I was largely ignored by the entire room except for one individual who sneered drunkenly at me and answered, "Yeah. We're, like, really pissed off at you and stuff. Go away. In fact, we're so pissed off, I'm gonna push you down that ladder." I could tell he was kidding and being drunk I answered loudly, "You try that and I'll stitch your ass to your face!" Then I descended the ladder and went to find my droogs. Eric had vanished rather mysteriously, as had Rafil.

Little did I know I had set a chain reaction in motion. In my absence, the group of intoxicated college students had begun to wonder if maybe they really were mad at us. Maybe they really *had* asked us to leave. When we returned to the campfire, the mood had changed immensely. People were glaring at us and "the Mexican board-thrower" as we still call him, was now toting a two-by-four (his signature weapon). Another individual clutched an aluminum baseball bat.

I drifted away from my droogs hoping that by separating we would seem less threatening; this also turned out to be a mistake; the glaring continued. I ran into a girl I knew (she was unable to get up due to drunkenness.) and asked her if she knew why every-

one was so hostile. "Because you said you were going to kick all these asses.", she answered. "That's what you said isn't it?"

"HE SAID WHAT?" roared the Mexican-board-thrower. It was time to leave. I found Brian who had been accused of hitting on someone's girlfriend. When I found Josh, he was delivering a diatribe to messomorph who was at least a full head higher than him. "Let's analyze the situation!", commanded Josh in a voice educated by the mock-trial team and ten beers, "You", he jabbed his finger accusingly, "are a dick. Everyone here, is a dick. I don't like being around dicks, so I'd leave if I could but I can't because I'm too drunk to drive, so there."

Shit.

I could see I had about five seconds to prevent violent retaliation. I slipped in with a genial smile and my hands up in an "I surrender" position. "I'm really sorry", I began, "my friend here is really drunk and—" Too late. Hands grabbed me from behind and started dragging me into the woods. It was Brian, "C'mon, we're leaving! We gotta go right now."

This dynamic was representative of several confrontations at that party which I now can't really remember. Josh would pick a fight, I would try and use

diplomacy, and then Brian, acting out of a deep feeling of self-preservation (some would call it cowardice), would cover my mouth and drag us away before anything was resolved.

Now he was dragging us through the woods towards his car. "Brian" I said, "This is stupid, we can talk this out."

"No we can't. Just get in the car."

"Brian, you're not good to drive."

"Then we'll sleep. Just get in the car and go to sleep."

"But if we go to sleep then we lose", whined Josh, "and I've lost so many times in my life!"

"Everyone wins if we don't get our teeth knocked out with baseball bats!", answered Brian.

Reluctantly, I lay down in the back of the station wagon and closed my eyes. I slept for perhaps ten minutes. I was awakened by laughter to find that a ring of over a dozen people had formed around the car carrying baseball bats and two-by-fours. Someone was rattling a bat across the roof of the car.

"Uh, Brian? We gotta go man."

"Ssshhh! Lay still or they'll know we're here!"

"Brian, it's a Volvo! They know we're here, this isn't Jurassic park!"

The car was now being rocked back and forth. Josh awoke.

"Huh, what's going on?"

Suddenly, the mob parted and Marissa's older brother appeared. He delivered a speech which I either couldn't hear or was too drunk to remember and the group separated and disappeared into the woods. As they left, he turned and looked at Brian. He mouthed a single word, "Go!"

We went.

We arrived back at Brian's house where our cars were, "Alright", he said, "I'm going to bed, Joe you can come in if your want to. Josh, you'll make too much noise you can sleep in your car."

"But... it's cold" whined Josh.

I thought this was horribly unfair but I was too tired to complain. I climbed into my '74 Buick Century and drove home, arriving just before dawn. Josh, I am told, slept in the back of his car wrapped in a blanket that was covered in dog's blood (another story) and still woke up with a touch of frost-bite the next morning.

When school resumed in the spring semester, the first thing everyone told me was, "Hey Joe, I heard you got the shit beaten out of you with baseball bats!"



HUMOR FOR ART'S SAKE

I wish I hadn't spent all my money on Beer and...
 - laundry.
 - my HACU film project.
 - calzones.
 - hangover medicine.
 - a new yo-yo.
 - keeping certain people quiet.
 - green M & M's.
 - the naked Ultimate Frisbee

calendar.
 - sea monkeys.
 - aiding Somalian refugees.
 - snuff films.
 - cadaver sex.
 - the Buffy Season 1 DVD.
 - this fab new doo.
 - a body fluid recycling unit.
 - a Y2K preparedness shelter.
 - liberating France.

- raunchy gingerbread men.
 - a state of the art Dinosaur cloning laboratory.
 - the bootleg copy of Harry Potter wherein people keep getting up to go to the bathroom.
 - the gerbil I seem to have lost.



TITLE GRAPHIC-FREE REVIEWS

BY CHRISTINE FERNSSENER, ESQ. AND KATHLEEN CHADWICK, COLUMNISTS

Brotherhood of the Wolf (Le Pacte des Loups), Christophe Gans

I risked death in a bloody car accident on the icy road to West Springfield to see this movie, and it was well worth it. It would've been worth even if I had, in fact, succumbed to death in a bloody car accident, as long as said accident were on the way back from the movie theater. This film has everything: badass Frenchmen with guns, a badass Native American with martial arts skills, a gothic whore / secret agent with a fan that kills, an evil Catholic cult conspiracy that requires people to wear gorgeous red cloaks, and a big spiny monster that eats people. Also, the official web site is fun, because it's in French

(lepactesdesloups.com) and I find buttons that say "cliquez ici" and "fermer la fenêtre" inherently humorous.

The Comeback EP, Stars

Despite the misleading title, the latest release by Stars isn't a comeback, though hopefully it will bring them closer to their dreams of fame and decadence. As on their previous EP and album on the Le Grande Magistery label, the guy singer sounds kinda skeezy, but this time they've got a song ("Violent") that calls for a touch of skeeziness. The chick singer who duets with him on that and sings solo on the first track ("Krush") is lovely, though, and her delivery can redeem lines like "fuck you Hollywood / I'm the glory" and "rip your eyes out with my tongue / sufocate you with the bedcov-

ers".

Note: one song on the *Comeback EP*, "The Aspidistra Flies", includes the phrase "all the umbrellas in London", which may or may not be (a) a reference to the Magnetic Fields' song "All the Umbrellas in London", (b) a reference to something gay that the Magnetic Fields coincidentally also referenced, and/or (c) plagiarism, as some Magnetic Fields zealots would have you believe. I'm inclined to go with option (b).

Danse Macabre, The Faint

If you buy one pseudo-new-wave angsty goth-dance post-something record this year, it ought to be this one. If you'd buy something like that to begin with, that is.



and there's cleavage, too.

THINGS TO DO WHEN YOU'RE DIV III

STARRING KATHLEEN CHADWICK

BY CHRISTINE FERNSSENER, ESQ. AND KATHLEEN CHADWICK, COLUMNISTS



never change out of your pajamas



eat only things that come in little envelopes



learn to knit; produce a scarf large enough to house a family of six



discover innovative new ways to crush Crispy M&Ms using only a common hair elastic



watch a minimum of two hours per day of Buffy the Vampire Slayer reruns, with the unwanted side effect of memorizing every commercial aired on FX ("I lied"; "I'm part of a disturbing trend")





DIRE FLAIL? WHAT WERE THEY THINKING?

BY ERIN SNYDER, COLUMNIST

Since it was released, I never really stopped to question the new 3rd edition. The system seemed perfect. That was before I met those who had to live under its rules. For some, the 3rd edition has been more than a game: it has been a harsh, new reality. I bring you a darker picture of the D20 system, from those who have been hurt by it the most.

Leoian Milltall is a halfling cleric. Before the D20 system was released, Leoian had access to nearly every priest spell. Under the 3rd Edition, his spell list was reduced to a fraction of its former glory. "I feel like a priest of a specific mythos," he said between sobs. "I have lost my offensive capabilities." Leoian is nearly helpless now, and has been forced to give up adventuring, his one true love. "I find myself confined to the monastery," he explained. "I barely have the strength to go on. Once, I slaughtered entire tribes of goblins. Now, all I do, day in and day out, is heal the sick and wounded. Do you know what it's like to be around those people? As a cleric, I consider it my sworn duty to crush goblinoid skulls with my mace +2, not waste time praying and attending the sick."

Leoian isn't alone. Many former second edition characters feel his frustration. Maghana Joysword was a 4th level elven bodyguard. Under

the 3rd edition rules, she has lost an attack with her bow. To those unfamiliar with the perils of her profession, this may seem trivial. In reality, a single arrow a round can mean the difference between life and death. "Hordes of orcs wait in the forests," she explained. "In the old days, I was able to injure two a round. Now, only one. Look at what I've become. Am I a barbarian, wielding a blade capable of dealing 3d6 points of damage? No! My bow deals out a measly d8 of damage. My second attack was the only thing which set me apart and made me special. Sure, I've got a long sword, but I really can't hope to compete with the larger weapons." Her troubles don't end there, either. "Once, I was proud to be an elf. Our powers made us special, and gave us an edge in combat. But they are clearly no match for the additional feat humans receive at 1st level. At first, I thought perhaps this was because of some mistake. Then I discovered something... interesting. All the designers for the 3rd edition were human." Maghana is currently involved in a lawsuit against the designers. She explained that she is unable to give details, due to a court order.

Of all the stories I heard, perhaps Elnan Battleheart's was the saddest. Elnan was a dwarven ranger, and was excited when the 3rd edition

was first released: "There were whole new sets of weapons I could use to crush trolls, my favored enemy." His enthusiasm was short lived: "The two bladed sword was useless, and the repeating crossbow kept jamming. Then came the fated day that I discovered the dire flail. I really don't know what they were thinking. The thing is basically two flails joined at the base. I took one swing at Quogretor, a half-orc barbarian, and, next thing I know, we're both in the hospital."

Even with his intelligence of 6, Quogretor agrees that the dire flail is a bad weapon: "Flail, good. Dire flail, bad." Quogretor is suffering from a wound to his shoulder. Elnan is undergoing going therapy for a broken leg. Both were caused by the dire flail. Though Quogretor is expected to make a full recovery, Elnan isn't as lucky. His therapist explained that, short of a miracle or a 5th level Priest spell, Elnan would never walk again.

After meeting with these characters, I found myself unsure how to go on playing. I was lost, without hope. A single man helped me to regain confidence in gaming. That man is Nick Moen. Nick has been a true friend. With out his support, I don't think I could continue to play the 3rd edition. Thank you, Nick, for giving me the strength to keep rolling.



ERIN SNYDER IS A BIZNITCH

BY NICK MOEN, CONTRIBUTOR

I most humbly apologize for referring to Watchmen as "post-modern" in my last article. Several people have taken issue with this description, and have raised many good points. I'm sorry. It was a poor choice of words in an article written in a hurry rather late at night (or early in the morning, if you prefer). Although I have read it referred to as such before, that does not mean that I was not in the wrong in besmirching its reputation by attributing to it characteristics of what is so frequently an odious movement.

That being said, I can move on to the real point of my article, the libelous slander of Erin Snyder. Now it was Erin who raised the most strenuous objections to my description of Watchmen as postmodern. When I agreed with him, and said I'd apologize in my next article, he actually asked me to call him a "bitch" in said article. (When you think about it, it's pretty pathetic and childish in and of itself to specifically request to be insulted in the Omen simply so that your name appears in a public forum. Could anyone really be that starved for attention? I find it rather sad, actually. But back to the topic at hand). At the time I complied, but upon further reflection I came to the conclusion that "bitch" is far too dignified a word for such a man. The only word I could come up with that came anywhere close to conveying the true ridiculousness of this piece of excrement was "biznitch," coined, I believe, by my friend Matthew Montgomery and derived (if I remember the etymology correctly) from "bizatch," itself a variant form of "bee-hotch," which is a corruption of the origi-

nal "bitch" (Now you can't say this article is entirely lacking in substance).

You may know of Erin Snyder as the witty and knowledgeable Omen writer who provides your best source of information about all things geeky, or you may know him simply as that guy who gets your packages and delivers your mail. Or maybe as the freak who can be seen swinging his green plastic light saber around campus at all hours of the day and night. You may not know, however, that despite his pretensions to philosophical rigour and his fashionable pose of skepticism, he is at heart nothing but a nihilist. And, as The Big Lebowski has taught us, all nihilists are cowards. If asked about his religious beliefs, he will tell you that he is a follower of a purely self-invented "early Buddhism," which basically amounts to "Buddhism without beliefs" or nihilism (all life is suffering, but there's no such thing as reincarnation? I don't see why you wouldn't just shoot yourself in the fucking head. In fact, he probably should). He likes to quote Nietzsche (whom he believes to be cool, despite the stupid mustache) and eastern philosophy, but with an utter lack of comprehension. He even believes that the Upanishads state that Atman is not Brahman. The pretentious bastard wears nothing but black, and his favorite activity is to sit in his room and contemplate his weltschmerz (literally "world-sorrow" for my non-German speaking readers). Some other things you should know: 1. He has really stupid hair. 2. He does not bear the slightest resemblance to Batman. Batman does not have stupid hair, nor would he wear a

"Winnie-the-Pooh" necklace all the time (what kind of a loser wears a "Winnie-the-Pooh" necklace anyway (no disrespect to Pooh is intended by this statement, only to Erin). 3. His hax0r skillz are not 1337. Despite innumerable attempts, he has never yet succeeded in hax0ring even a single boxen. He also sucks at Rock-Paper-Scissors. 4. His favorite movies are the new Planet of the Apes and some porno where a girl has sex with her father to get back at her neglectful mother, or some shit like that. 5. The Force is not with him. He is not worthy to touch, or even lay eyes upon, the light saber with which Alan Hodder, Professor of Religion and Dean of the School of Humanities, Arts, and Cultural Studies, bravely defended our college. 6. He enjoys eating the flesh of ritually slaughtered Christian babies™.

Final Section Addressed to Erin Himself: Just because you have an entire Omen article in the Omen does not make you somehow cool, important, or even well-known. Think on the example of Ryan Moore. It's not really all that difficult to get your name in the Omen. As you yourself wrote, this doesn't necessarily make you cool. In this case, I believe it makes you less cool than a man whose former girlfriend was a Dungeons and Dragons computer game. I didn't write this because I find you interesting, or because I care, merely because I was overworked and could whip it out in about 20 minutes requiring any kind of actual thought. So don't let it stoke your already bloated and oversized pretentiousness.



TRAVEL LOG: MILITANT ASIA

I got to San Francisco before I learned they wouldn't let me in.

"What do you mean, I'll get expelled from Indonesia?" My voice rose beyond expected levels, and the unfortunate man at the Singapore Airlines counter suddenly became fascinated with his shoes.

"Your passport's going to expire in five months, twenty-seven days." He got quieter and quieter as I got louder and louder.

"I'm gonna be there for a month!"

"Indonesia requires a passport to be valid for a full six months after your arrival in the country."

"You mean, I've got tickets to halfway around the world, and they're not going to let me in because I'm four days short? I have American dollars! They should beg to let me in!"

Okay, here's the deal. It's my Janterm and I have first class tickets to Bali, exotic island in the nation of Indonesia. This trip has been planned for eight months. There's a chair with a towel on a beach that's waiting for me, and now they're saying my passport's going to expire. I haven't even gotten to leave the country yet. I haven't gotten the opportunity to risk terrorists or militants or unidentified curry.

I WANT CURRY.

And this is not the first time I've tried to go to Indonesia. July of '97, I also had tickets bound to Bali. I was to spend two glorious months sailing around Indonesia, visiting many exciting places and hopefully getting tan in all of them. Unfortunately, they were killing tourists in Jakarta and a good portion of Borneo was on fire. So instead of Bali, there was India. India. Sure, the

native's wouldn't kill you, but the food very well might. You know Sypro, that drug they're giving to Anthrax victims? They gave that to me, because I was just that sick. I begged for death and it would not come.

Anyway.. I lived, and now I was trying to go to Indonesia again. And once again, someone was balking my way.

"I'm going to Indonesia. You don't understand. Tell me how and I will get there. If I have to kill you.. that's an option."

"No, it's very possible for you to go to Indonesia. You must simply stop in Singapore, go to the United States consulate, and get them to put an extension on your passport. This has happened before."

So now he's telling me I have to cross the pacific ocean, come to a country the size of the Triboro area, try to find the consulate, and convince them I need a new passport within twenty-four hours. All this after a fifteen hour flight, and the worst jet-lag you could possibly imagine. Okay. Singapore is not only a twelve hour time difference, but it's also across the international dateline. Your body will have NO idea what day/time/life it is.

"Let's do it. Cancel my flight to Bali from Singapore, I'll get another. If anything happens to me, I will find you and slit your throat after castrating you with a filing cabinet. You will be put on the conveyor belt with all the economy luggage and your family will never see your body."

"Please have a nice flight."

"Thank you."

So I'm on my way to Singapore, by way of Seoul, South Korea, accompanied by none other than my mother. This is not as bad as it sounds.

My mother is the only person I will travel solo long term with. As long as we're within reach of alcohol of some kind, she's more than happy to cruise through any bad situation, in this case, my soon to expire passport. As soon as we get on the plane, there's complimentary champagne, and everything is instantaneously all good. It doesn't matter that it's 9:30 in the morning. Mother has been waiting for this for days. And hey, where we're going, we're in the middle of the evening happy hour. Somewhere in the world, it's always happy hour.

So I'm on my way to Bali, by way of Seoul, Singapore, and the U.S. Who isn't excited?

There's not much to say about Seoul, but Singapore's a fascinating place. The airport itself is frickin huge, and holds a hotel, multiple internet stations, and more duty free stores selling Prada glasses and Cuban cigars than I could possibly count. Amazing.

But Singapore itself.. wow. Sterile. Switzerland sterile. For one thing, they'll cut off your hand if you litter, and I'm pretty sure gum is illegal. More surreal than anything else are the signs, which are all in English. It's like Main St. U.S.A. at EuroDisney.

So I arrived at the U.S. consulate, which is about as close to a fortress as it can get. I went through two security checkpoints, a patdown, had my purse completely emptied, and yes, they checked out my shoes. Once I got inside, past the men with automatic weapons, I realized that I was the only civilian there. The service was fast. I explained my situation, and they issued me a brand new passport in under three hours. My passport for the next ten years will have me in a wifebeater

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DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXVII

by M. Zole

www.zole.org

background by
Christine Fernsebner Eslao

SIR, WELCOME
TO THE BUS.

1

2

I HOPE YOU DON'T
MIND IF I PLAY
MY BASS GUITAR.

1

2

ON THE BUS.

1

2

bowwwwwwwwww
bown ba-bownt

1

2

boodlea-bwack
chikabow bow

1

2

1

2

badum-ba dum de do
bwaka-bwak biddle-a
biddle-a scoodly doo

1

2

DO YOU MIND?

KIND OF.

1

2

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

with a bolt through my nose. And it was issued in Singapore, Singapore. Hot. And while I waited, I got to read all about the drug policy. Wow. If you're caught with under fifteen grams of pot, it's \$4,000 US dollars or 2 years Singapore jail. Over fifteen grams pot is three strokes of the cane. Under fifteen grams of heroin

is five strokes of the cane, and over fifteen is death. Mandatory death. They don't care what nationality you are, they'll hang you on Friday so you can read about it in the Saturday paper. You think I'm joking.

And with this new passport, I got to enter Indonesia. I forgot to sign it, but no one noticed until I returned

to the United States three weeks later. Whatever. No one accepts an unsigned credit card these days, but an invalid passport is just fine.

I'm tired of talking. More on Indonesia, my psychotic mother, and Gay Germans next week...



Shouting Theatre in a
Crowded Fire



OMEN: THE MUSICAL

BY GAYNNE WATKINS, COLUMNIST

You think "musicals." You think "boring." You think "cheesy."

You think wrong. Like any other genre, the movie musical can be interpreted brilliantly or god-awfully. Some are dynamic pieces of filmmaking; others are audience-pleasing fluff; others are dismal. But scoff at the genre, and you're missing some of the most exciting moments in American movie history.

So, in the interest of your salvation in Hollywood Musical Heaven, I've composed a handy decade-by-decade look at the best – and worst – of movie musicals. So find that dusty Musicals section in your local video store, and whip out ...

GWYNNE'S POCKET GUIDE TO MOVIE MUSICALS!

Thirties!

Overrated: Top Hat. This Fred-and-Ginger vehicle is Mel Brooks' favorite film (seriously), and like all their movies, it's full of gravity-defying dance steps, catchy songs, mistaken identities, and oh-so-much sexual tension. But it's just not quite as good as...

Underrated: Swing Time. The Fred-and-Ginger genre is a bit formulaic for me, but it's lighter than air and much more fun. (Than air, that is.) If you like 'em like that, I recommend this one. (A good commentary by Roger Ebert can be found in his "Greatest Films" archive at www.sun-times.com/ebert/.)

Rated Right: The Wizard of Oz. Being an Oz junkie (I've read all the books and own ruby slippers), I admit I'm biased. But this film, more than any that comes to mind, is utterly timeless. Judy Garland defies the mind-numbing child-actor cutsiness embodied by Shirley Temple (the producers' original choice for Dorothy), and manages to simply be charming. (Take that, Haley Joel Osment.) The rest of the cast was lifted from the dying stages of Vaudeville, and their experience radiates. The music evokes bedtime stories, Dr. Seuss, and the songs kids make up while they play in the dirt. Who could ask for anything more?*

Forties!

Overrated: Holiday Inn. PBS needs to stop showing this movie, which is famous for the

sequence in which Bing Crosby sings "White Christmas." It's an ok film, but a much better one came out twelve years later, appropriately titled "White Christmas." Both films feature the same hotel set, Irving Berlin music, and yes - Bing Crosby singing the frickin' song. "White Christmas" features jazz vixen Rosemary Clooney and comic genius Danny Kaye. And it's better.

Rated Right: On the Town. Frank Sinatra (yes - Frank Sinatra) made several films with supersexy Gene Kelly. The plot always goes something like this: Frank plays the goofy yet lovable kid, Gene plays the smooth operator. They both want the same girl, who thinks that Frank is a cutie but Gene is an asshole. Eventually, Gene learns a lesson, the girl sees he has a Good Heart, and Gene gets the girl, while Frank gets the funny aggressive girl who's been pursuing him in the subplot. "On the Town" is the best of these. Did I mention that Gene Kelly is sexy?

Fifties!

Overrated: "Singin' in the Rain." I like this movie, but its

*A movie with music is not necessarily a musical. Almost-musicals include all the Beatles movies, Muppet movies, Disney cartoons, Marx Brothers and Monty Python features, as well as films like "O Brother Where Art Thou" and "The Producers" (my personal favorite almost-musical). Other movies I didn't count are videotaped stage shows. "Sweeney Todd," "Into the Woods," "Sunday in the Park with George,"

"Nunsense," and "Pippin" all fall into this category. They are also all worth your time. ("Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat" and "Crazy for You" are not.)

**By the way, the "hanging munchkin" is not a hanging munchkin, but a damn peacock. See the film on a big screen and this will be glaringly obvious.)

Greatest Musical of All Time Status puzzles me. I challenge you to name more than two of its songs; they aren't that memorable, or that great. The plot feels like a good SNL sketch with a romance tacked on. How did this movie get its extensive cred? Very simple: it has two of the single best scenes in MGM musical history. The first is Gene Kelly's gutter-splashing rendition of the title song; the second is Donald Sutherland's brilliant physical comedy in "Be a Clown." These two numbers may just keep "Singin' in the Rain" on the charts forever.

Also Overrated: "Carousel," "Brigadoon," "South Pacific," "Show Boat." Skip the movie, see the show.

Underrated: "The Band Wagon." Musical Satire may be a rare genre, but when a good one comes along, it's worth the wait (see below, "How to Succeed" and "South Park"). "The Band Wagon" opens with Fred Astaire's famed top hat and cane going up for auction - and nobody's buying. Attempting to revive his fame, the lovely Wilder play. While the play new director and winds up in a godawful musical version of "Faust." But all it takes is one classic line to save the day: "Gee, with all this talent, we oughtta put on a show of our own!"

Also Underrated: "Damn Yankees." Skip the show, see the movie. Or better yet, see both.

Rated Right: "Gigi." In theory, you've heard of this movie. In actuality, you know nothing about it. This mega-Oscar winner is based on a book by Collette, about a young girl training in the 'family profes-

sion:' courtesan. The authentic French cast ("Chocolat" could have taken a cue from this one) is magical, the songs are entirely perfect, and the eye candy factor - between the costumes, Parisian location shots, and perfect cinematography - is through the roof.

Also Rated Right: "An American in Paris" (dazzling), "The King and I" (Yul Brynner rocks my world).

Sixties!

Overrated: First, we have "West Side Story," a decent movie that nevertheless saps all the rawness of the stage show and turns it into a more conventional love story. Eh. The ever-overacting Natalie Wood also stars in the grossly miscast "Gypsy." I normally like Rosalind Russell, but she's so very wrong for this role; rent the 1993 TV remake starring Bette Midler instead. Really. "Oliver!" is next up - if you like the show, maybe you'll like the movie. I'm not impressed with either. Finally, we have "Hello, Dolly!", a very funny show based on a Thornton Wilder play. While the play excels in goofiness, the film takes itself seriously and falls entirely flat. If you're really craving Barbra Streisand, rent "What's Up Doc?" instead. Rent it anyway - it's great.

Underrated: "Bells are Ringing." Brilliant comedic actors are rarely women, and one of the rarest is Judy Holliday. In a role written for her, the stunning Ms. Holliday plays an operator at an answering service with a different personality (from Santa Claus to Marlon Brando) for each one of her clients. When the local cops think she's offering something more than phone

service (nudge, nudge), she goes to each client incognito, and winds up falling in love with the one who knows her only as "Mom." A cast of quality comedians, anchored by their flawless star, makes this one a joy to watch.

Also Underrated: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" is a devious satire of the business world, starring the original Broadway cast. "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" is an awkward film, but the script is laugh-out-loud brilliant.

Rated Right: "My Fair Lady," a beautiful film with wonderful music. Rex Harrison got the male lead only after megastar Cary Grant turned it down; Grant wrote a letter to the producers, saying that he'd seen Harrison do the part on Broadway, and if they didn't cast him in the movie, Cary Grant wouldn't even bother to see it. Five minutes into the film, you'll understand completely.

Also Rated Right: "Mary Poppins," "How the Grinch Stole Christmas." The music to both of these fantasies is downright marvelous.

Seventies!

Overrated: Another laundry list. "Fiddler on the Roof:" too long, too dark, and too slow. "Mame," which can't hold a candle to the non-musical "Auntie Mame," starring Rosalind Russell. "Jesus Christ Superstar," which makes a brilliant score seem kitschy and dated. ("Grease," the biggest grossing musical of the seventies, is *intentionally* kitschy and dated.)

Underrated: "1776," the most entertaining film you'll ever see

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

about the most boring subject you can think of: the signing of the Declaration of Independence. You may never think of that twelfth grade history class in the same way again.

Also Underrated: "That's Entertainment!," an exceedingly not-boring documentary on the MGM musical.

Rated Right: Bob Fosse's "Cabaret" strips a complicated play down to its bare bones, with brilliant results. "Cabaret" is an eerie fable of bohemian Germany at the start of the Holocaust, set in a risqué nightclub and a cheap rental flat. Nothing else is quite like it.

Eighties!

Overrated: "Annie." This movie is awful. If you ever see the play, you'll realize that it's a tongue-in-cheek political satire about the Depression. You will also realize that the movie is not.

Underrated: "Polly." This was a TV movie, made by Disney, setting the Pollyanna story in racially segregated Georgia. It could have been terrible. Instead, it's a sweet, only slightly saccharine musical that teaches kids about racism. If a child asks you to rent "Annie," try hard to find this one instead.

Rated Right: "The Labyrinth." David Bowie and Muppets? What more could a film possibly offer? And the answer is... tight pants. On David Bowie, not the Muppets.

Nineties!

Overrated: "Evita." Watching 2 hours of Andrew Lloyd Webber music sung by Madonna is just not very exciting. This isn't an awful movie, but something definitely got lost in the transla-

tion. **Also Overrated:** "Everyone Says I Love You." A Woody Allen script, plus music, does not a musical make.

Rated Right: "South Park: Bigger Longer & Uncut." Not only is this film a dead-on parody of the South Park controversy, it's a darn good Hollywood musical. The songs are catchy and clever, and the Les Mis send-up alone makes it a must for musical lovers.

Also Rated Right: Best Picture nominee "Beauty and the Beast" is Disney's finest hour.

Zero-Zeros!

Overrated: "Dancer in the Dark." I love Bjork. I hate her for making this movie, which everybody else but me loved. I agree, the musical numbers are fantastic, and the filming is gorgeous. But the plot is nonsensical melodrama, the characters are rubbish, and the death scenes are unnecessarily brutal. By the execution scene – which took a good 45 minutes – I was feeling awfully manipulated. Lars Von Trier was attempting to make a classic musical for a modern age; unfortunately, this film lacks all the elements of a classic musical, with the exception of a brilliant composer.

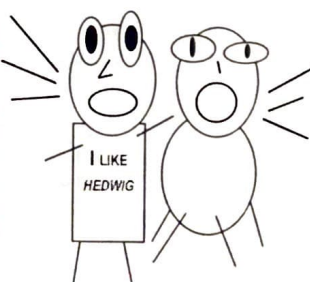
Rated Right/Overrated: "Moulin Rouge." I can't decide which category is best suited to this marvelously daring yet massively overhyped movie. The best part of watching this film is Baz Luhrman's passion for his story. Every time you're about to go into sugar shock, Baz adds a few more fireworks and falling stars, reminding you that this is, after all, a movie. The effort to take a dying genre

and make it transcend itself – using every beloved cliché along the way – is something I truly admire. So what am I complaining about? First, "Moulin Rouge" has the shortest attention span of any Luhrman film. The MTV-style editing is only impressive when it's not making your head spin. Second, the choice of songs – and singers – puts a damper on the film's repeat-viewing quotient. The "Roxanne" number is timeless, but watching Nicole sing "Somebody I'll Fly Away" – or belt out "Silly Love Songs" with Ewan – is something I don't need to see too many times in this life.

Underrated: "Hedwig and the Angry Inch." I have never exited a movie theater happier than when I saw "Hedwig." The music is amazing. The animation – by Hampshire alumni, no less – is perfect. John Cameron Mitchell, the director/writer/star, creates a love story so contemporary, a character so believable, and a film so enjoyable that it should be required viewing for everybody. You may think you wouldn't like a movie about a struggling transsexual glam rock star, but you'd be wrong. In fact, your mom might like it, too.



The Article Goblins Sing a Musical



MY JOURNEY: A FIRST-YEAR REFLECTION ON THE HOLISTIC DIVINITY OF JAN-TERM

Wow. My first Jan Term was such a euphoric and enlightening experience. I really cannot begin to understand how I labored through my 17 previous Januaries without the guiding light of Alan Robinson's "C is for Everybody!". Each day I awoke at the crack of sometime-near-lunch to partake of the lovingkindness of Saga, after which my intellectual palette was sure to be satisfied by a heartfelt lecture on the mystical workings of "prinf".

By 4:30 my brain was full of C-goodness, and thus I turned to next pertinent activity: UT. Watching jovial metal-guards plaster Naali war cows is like seizing the holistic oneness of time and space through the forgotten awareness of something I can only describe as 'Nirvana'. I could feel my mind and body elevating to new awareness, and the night when I engaged in a rousing seven man battle of 1-shot-gib... I had a revelation. I watched my modified AMSD-Shock Rifle explode opponents into tiny pieces of divinity. I stood in their blood, and it made me understand.

To further my foray into the heavens, I began my humble journey into the artistry of Aikido. Sensei Rob Hayes introduced me to the power of nothingness, and flung me to the ground as only the anticipation of a new TMBG album had done before. I saw there was still much to learn, that UT alone was not the Path. And so I trained under a grueling schedule, twice a week locking myself in the South Lounge for hour-and-a-half's at a time. I rolled, and spun, and rolled, and fell while rolling, all the while moving my comprehension to a new level. I could feel the awareness again, could almost taste the raspberry flavored wholeness that exists just above everyone's consciousness. I knew the name 'Ai-key-do'.

Some days I would write about the representation of history in "Beloved" to transcend a Div I. I don't want to talk about that. Other days I would ponder a similar matter in "Coming Through Slaughter". That wasn't as bad, but I still don't want to talk about it. I wrote about "Maus" and "1776: The Musical", but was forced to un-write them in my revision, and thus learned that to transcend is to achieve perfection. I must waste no words my friends, I must not blather incoherently and without purpose. If I foolishly squander time I only bring hell and hindrance upon my spiritual journey, for although transgression waits eternally my mind and body are woefully finite. Even now I can feel my heart beat turning evermore apathetic. Oi, I am not long for this world.

So heed my call, friends! Begin your journey now, for blood and organs wait for no man. Jan-Term was, for me, the holiest medium of comprehension. I see now my life before this one was wasted on Blood 2 and Macbeth. No more will I taint my soul with the devil and Lisp. Hear me now, Siddhartha, I come to join you at your river! Armed with C, UT, and Div I, I am the avatar!



THE OMEN PRESENTS More Famous Febs

It's hard to grow up without role models, and if you're a Feb student, you may feel like you have no one famous to look up to. Well, think again! You may not know it, but many notable celebrities were once Febs just like you!



Greta Garbo made her Hollywood debut almost accidentally when she was cast in the silent film Gösta Berling's Saga. She became a number-one box-office attraction, often creating memorable roles from mediocre scripts, and her love of privacy made her

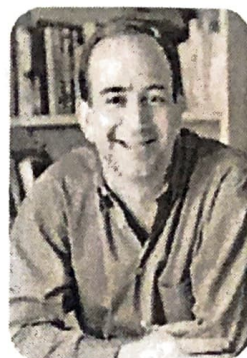
one of the most talked-about actresses of her time.

Greta Garbo was a Feb!

Jeff Bezos quit his high-paying financial jobs in New York city to move to Seattle, Washington and found Amazon.com, which is now the largest Internet retailer with sales of almost \$3 billion in 2001. As founder and CEO, he is both an effective businessman, and as

a boss he is viewed by his employees as a colleague.

Jeff Bezos was a Feb!



Eddie Vedder rose to fame as the lead singer for Pearl Jam, one of the top acts of alternative rock. His distinctive vocal style and introspective lyrics propelled singles like "Jeremy" and "Alive" to hit status, and his outspoken stance on high ticket prices, abortion rights, and other issues made him an alternative rock icon.

Eddie Vedder was a Feb!



Mia Hamm is considered by many to be one of the world's best all-around women's soccer players, having broken the international scoring record and ending 2001 with 129 goals and 109 assists. In 1999, she founded the Mia Hamm Foundation to raise money for bone marrow disease research.

Mia Hamm was a Feb! Also

she majored in political science.



Mary Anderson invented the windshield wiper after noticing that drivers had to stop periodically in inclement weather to clear snow and ice from their windshields. After being told her invention wouldn't work, Anderson patented it. This was before automobiles even

became popular, and years later her invention became a standard. *Mary Anderson was a Feb!*

Sonic the Hedgehog, with his special shoes that allow him to run faster, has many times defended the animal habitats of the world from the onslaughts of the evil Dr. Robotnik. With his friends Tails, Amy, and Knuckles the Echidna, Sonic has shown his expertise time after time in the fields of running, rolling up in a ball, jumping, and running really fast while rolled up in a ball, then jumping. *Sonic the Hedgehog was a Feb!*

